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What do I owe to God?
A simple faith in Him, that He is good;
That He is me, in every varying mood.
That always, ever, He doth follow law,
His law of visions, that the prophets saw.

What do I owe to Man?
Abiding love. A splendid give and take,
A mighty will to mend, altho' I break,
Puerile, puny, impotent man-made schemes,
Weak, bastard issue of hypnotic dreams.
This do I owe to man, that I must give
Him all the same fair freedom I would live.

What do I owe to Self?
Unconscious building of my man-made strength,
That it be mighty in its breadth and length;
The conscious forming of a fecund mind,
Which freely follows whim, kind after kind;
Converting plastic cell until it tune
Itself to mighty concord, rune on rune.
That in quiescent hope doth touch the soul,
Which from out all doth blend a perfect whole.
That selfishly doth mould almost in greed,
So fine and strong and frank I thus may breed
Free men, free women, God's one recompense
For worn-out faiths that dull the new-born sense.
What do I owe to self? That I be free
To follow truth in all, eternally,
Ne'er to bow down to time-worn narrow creeds
That took their being from their antique needs.
For I need light to see, to feel and know
The greatness of the way in which I grow.
And I owe self the one thing that He gave,
We freemen are and Law doth not enslave.

Robert Powell Eaton.

Flowers

A Nursery Rhyme

"In Eastern lands they talk with flowers
And they tell in garlands their loves and cares"
The language of flowers that there is spoken
Seemeth strange to he who compares.
Their flora is dazzling, of strangest hues
Gaudy and grand, both bright and gay
But California also has
A floral show for us each day.

Apr. 1st. 1914

W. W. Cooley
Alameda, Cal.

TO THE FLOWERS.

Here's to the beautiful flowers
  God lends to brighten our life
Emblems of all that is purest
  A foe to sorrow and strife.
Here's to the beautiful flowers
  That cheer the halt and the lame
Soothing alike both rich and poor
  Regardless of all earthly fame.
Here's to the beautiful flowers
  That are blooming for you and for me
Like them, give to others some pleasure
  And happier, life will be.

"Lilies fair, the flower of virgin light"
Lotus flowers with sunken heads, await the coming night
Morning Glories blossoming amidst a field of green,
A wreath of snow white roses that well befit a queen
Chrysanthemums, so royal, in their grand array
This bouquet we have offered for your wedding day.

"*Forget-Me-Not* my *Sweet William,*" the little *Violet* said,
"*Lettuce Beet* my *Poppy* and at *Four O'clock* be wed,
The *Canterbury Bells* will chime, and that *Heartease* will give
For you *Marigold* and comfort—in *Clover* you will live.
May I not *Kohl-Rabi* who preaches to large *Phlox?*
He wears a *Joseph's Coat,* also leather *Stocks*
In *Jacobean* style, 'neath the *Matrimony Vine,*
He will like the *Clinging Ivy* my *Bleeding Heart* entwine.
I shall wear my *Lady Slippers,* wreathe *Orange Blossoms* round my head,
A *Lily* and a *Snow Drop* in my bosom when we wed.
I shall wear no *Golden Feathers,* so when you *Look At Me*
You will see a *Passion Flower,* with *Tulips* but for thee.
My Maids of Honor, *Daisy, Rose* and *Marguerite,*
With *Golden Rods* and *Purple Bells,* our floral friends will greet.
We need no *Chinese Lantern,* but have *Canary Birds,*
Wall Flowers for decorations that oft the *Air Plant* stirred.
Oleander shall be groomsman, *Johnny-Jump-Up* as the page
Shall *Cauliflower* by its name though it be *Pink* with rage.
On her *Angel Trumpet Pansy* plays *Love-in-a-Mist* sublime.
It shall be our wedding march at this most festive *Thyme.*"
"*Touch-Me-Not,*" *Sweet William* answered, "for you know I *Cantaloupe*
Were a *Golden Mound* now offered, I must marry *Heliotrope.*
You a *Mourning Bride* would be, *Bitter Sweet* they only share,
Then beneath the *Weeping Willow,* midst the pretty *Maiden Hair*
They would lay away *Sweet Violet. White Fringe* would encircle you,
Cold *Ice Plants* be your tombstone, with a *Privet Hedge* in view."
Violet was angered—her cheeks of *Radish* hue—
Replied, "Take *Heliotrope,* a *Snap Dragon* fit for you;
With *Turnip* nose and *Olive* cheek, besides a heart of *Oak,*
No *Peas* for thee," I truly say, 'tis then your *Artichoke.*"
Sweet William said, "A *Monkey Flower Canna* trouble me,
With *Dutchman's Pipe, Cigar Plant* too, I'll rest 'neath *Linden Tree,*
A *Bachelor's Button* I shall wear—I shall not grieve or *Pine,*
No *Honeysuckle* could wind round *Anchusa* me to be thine."
The *Elephant's Ear* was startled, the *Dandelion* roared,
The *Rubber Plant* just trembled, while the *Onion Set* and snored.
The *Palm* called *Morning Glory, Aster* who invited *Fern*
When the *Bridal Wreath* was missing—a *Chestnut*—as we learn
Achillea who was strongest put *Hedge Plants* all around
Sweet William and fair *Violet,* so they married on the ground.

W. W. Cooley, Alameda.

Poems

Coronation of King George V.
Wondrous Nature,
Convolvulus,
and other poems.

BY

JOHN NEATE

A CALIFORNIA PIONEER.

San Francisco, California.
1911.

POEMS

CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V.

WONDROUS NATURE

CONVOLVULUS

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

JOHN NEATE

A California Pioneer.

Keystone Printing Co.
Publishers.
San Francisco California.

TO
KING GEORGE V.
June 22 1911.

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The poems herein are the reflex of moods and feelings expressive in themselves. If they will tend to interest or brighten but one life they will have fulfilled their humble mission. Yet when the sand in the hourglass of our existence is rapidly diminishing, ambition is laid aside and our minds turn to those dependent upon us, To the general public who read these simple lines the author bespeaks their kind consideration and offers herewith sincerest thanks.

DEDICATION.

This book of poems is published to commemorate the coronation of King George V. My Mother lived at Windsor Castle for eighteen years going there at the age of eight, at the request of her aunt, Mrs. Cox, whose husband Mr. Cox was Huntsman to King George the Third and occupied apartments in the Round Tower at Windsor. My Mother when a girl was the constant playmate of Princess Charlotte, daughter of Prince George the Fourth. As children our Mother would take pleasure in relating to us reminiscences of life at the castle together with the many, many courtesies bestowed upon her by all the members of the Royal Family.

CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V.

Across the broad Atlantic there's a little Island home
That many, many years ago was occupied by Rome.
Caius Julius Caesar made the first attempt to land,
But found it well defended by a grave and valiant band.
The sea became so tempest tossed
That many of his ships were lost.
So Caius made a wise retreat
To save himself from sure defeat.
His next attempt was better planned
And from that time Rome held the land.
Five centuries had passed away
And Rome had dwindled to decay;
And all her legions were called home
To guard the gates of shaking Rome.
The walls they built no longer guarded.
The Picts and Scots quite disregarded.
And as they now are of one nation
We won't discuss their devastation.
The Britons being in sad distress
Called on their Anglo-Saxon guests
And begged that they by invitation
Would ask assistance from their nation.
Then came the help the Britons needed,
And Anglo-Saxon power succeeded.
Hengest and Horse, in command,
Drove Picts and Scots from out the land.
When Hengest came across the sea
His daughter was in company;
A prudent lady, young and bright,
And most attractive to the sight.
Prince Vortigen felt Cupid's flame
And asked this maid to bear his name.
So they were married and it's stated
These two hearts were truly mated.
And from that interesting hour
The Anglo-Saxons grew in power.
This Isle's been subject to invasion,
But this one comes from proclamation.
From North to South, from East to West,
A hundred thousand happy guests
Are hastening to that ancient town
Where Kings and Queens have all been crowned,
All anxious to behold and see
This grand and gorgeous jubilee.
The elite of all the world will be
Within that ancient sanctuary,
Westminster Abbey. Hallowed shrine,
With precious gems will gleam and shine.
The sailor Prince and Princess fair
Will far outshine all jewels there.
And may the powers that rule above
Cement them in their people's love.

*

WONDROUS NATURE.

It was summer time, the harvest moon was shining in the sky;
The nightingale was singing in the wood.
The rapid running river, in haste to reach the sea,
Reflected stars from out the mighty canopy.
We look above and there behold
The rolling orbs, their lights unfold.
Each one pursues its onward course,
Impelled by some almighty force;
Astronomers with aided eye
Explore the wonders of the sky,
And tell of suns and worlds in place
That fill this never-ending space.
Jehovah's hand and mighty power
Is seen by man from hour to hour.
The changeful moon whose borrowed light
Illumes and beautifies the night,
From crescent form to full ethereal glow
Reflects her silvery gleams to light the world below.
What wondrous foresight was displayed
When this great world for man was made.
With valley, hill and mountain high,
With summits pointing to the sky;
With rivers deep and oceans wide,
And ebb and flowing of the tide.
The sun and moon doth both assist
To rise from earth the watery mist.
Ascending upwards to the sky,
Fills the clouds that's passing by within the blue ethereal sky.
The cooler shade of morn and night
Recall it from its upward flight;
Returning to the earth again
In misty showers of dewy rain.
Man, birds and reptiles, insects, beast,
Each require their daily feast.
And Mother Nature, with her kindly care,
Provides for all her generous bill of fare.

*

THE CONVOLVULUS.

Sweet morning glory, who can tell thy story;
Who formed thy cup sublime, and taught thee how to climb,
And twine thy tendrils round some stronger stem,
And in the morn produce thy glorious gem?
A butterfly within that bower, sipping sweet from flower to flower,
Answered, I can tell. The dame that this sweet flower hath made,
In color, e'en of every shade, and form we love so well.
Flora one eve, on tip of toes,
Sought to surprise the sleeping rose;
A waving branch had caught her hair,
A thorn had pierced her forehead fair,
A little stream of carmine red
Was flowing from her Grecian head.
The rose awoke in sad surprise
To see the tears in Flora's eyes.
Then Flora, angered, said in part,
"You treacherous rose, I'll break your heart;
I'll make a flower more beautiful that thee,
Whose graceful coils shall garnish many a tree."
This made the rose quite sad.
"How shall I gain the love I've lost?
I must obtain it e'en at any cost."
So all her thoughts she bent, to make some fragrant scent,
And by some magic power, create the rose a fragrant flower.
Appealing unto Sol, she begged some heavenly gift.
That mighty orb agreed, and sent the glow worms with all speed.
Arrived beneath that thorny bush, the rose,
That queen in graceful sway,
Invites her guests to come this way,
And occupy each branch and spray.
The glow worms lit their lamps, and clambered to their place;
Avoiding thorns in many a turning space.
Behold this beautious sight,
A bush on fire, with all that heavenly light,
Distilling fragrance with bewitching power;
And thus the rose became a perfumed flower;
And from the butterfly, we have the story,
Why the fair goddess made the morning glory.

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

Birds are mating, and I'm waiting,
At my father's cottage door;
And I'm listening to the melody
That from their throats they pour;
But a sound more sweet and far more dear
Is my lover's voice to me.
I'm waiting, and I'm listening
To the birds upon the tree.
He knows not that I'm waiting,
And my love I must conceal;
For, Oh, it is not maidenly,
Love's passion to reveal.
My heart is almost broken,
For my lover is away;
I'm waiting, and I'm listening
To the birds upon the spray.
Saint Valentine will surely assist
A maiden in distress,
And send my lover here to me,
For his hand I long to press,
And listen to the murmurings
Of his gentle voice to me,
Which is sweeter, how much sweeter
Than the birds upon the tree.

OLD ENGLAND.

In the land of my boyhood—
The home of the brave;
Whose white cliffs are washed
By the broad ocean wave.

My heart yearns toward thee,
My fancy still dwells,
On thy hills and thy valleys,
Thy woodland and dells.

Where the cowslips and primrose abound in the field,
And the hedgeways of hawthorne are white;
The trees in the lane with blossoms the same,
Fills the spirit with fragrant delight.

And tho' we desire once more to retire,
And sail o'er the waters so blue;
Revisit the home of our boyhood again,
And bid it a last fond adieu.

*

MEDITATIONS IN A CEMETERY.

Within the precinct of this hallowed ground,
Where mortals sleep, in silence, most profound;
Awaiting as the Scriptures say:
The trumpet sound of resurrection day;
An allegoric metaphor, we must presume
"How can a man arise from out the tomb,
And once again his mortal form resume."
All things in life must pass away,
Crumble to dust, and wither to decay,
Except that spark divine. The spirit most sublime
That God ordained should be
A sacred gift to man, for all eternity.
When the Reaper comes and with his scythe
Cuts off the tenure of our mortal lives.
In the last moments of this sad event,
When the last breathing has been nearly spent,
I've seen the patient rise, throw up his trembling hands
And with his feeble cries, my father, Oh my father,
And so some relative or departed friend,
Awaits our coming at the final end.

THE FEAST.

When you sit down to eat your delicate food,
And drink of your sparkling wine,
Remember the men who prepared it for you,
Live themselves little better than swine.

Don't combine to increase the price of the feast,
Though it fills your coffers with gold;
The time will arrive when no longer you'll thrive,
But lie in the earth stark and cold.

Take warning in time and act the sublime,
That man to man should accord;
Saint Peter will meet you with the keys in his hand
And open the door at your simple command,
And admit you to the home of our Lord.

SPRING TIME.

Come, welcome Spring, and clothe the earth with flowers,
And keep them watered with thy gentle showers.
And let thy zephyrs gather from their bloom
The fragrant essence of their sweet perfume.
Floating in air, invisible to sight,
It fills our soul with exquisite delight;
Our eyes are charmed with flora's gaudy show
In every color—some as white as snow.
Again we see the Master hand displayed
On mountain, vale, and many a sunny glade
With pendant dew drops hung to every flower
Ere Sol exerts his all-absorbing power.

*

FALLEN HEROES OF OUR COUNTRY.

The sod-covered graves of our heroes are green;
They have left us no more to return;
No more shall the flash of their sabers be seen,
Or laurels in war shall they earn;
For cold as the grave are the hearts 'neath the sod,
And their spirits have flown to their Maker and God.

No more shall the tramp of these legions be heard,
As they are lead forth in battle array;
No more shall they come to the charge at the word,
Or advance with a cheer to obey;
For cold as the grave are the hearts 'neath the sod,
And their spirits have flown to their Maker and God.

We leave them to rest, in their newly made graves,
With a sigh of regret we depart;
Then peace to the ashes of all that was brave,
And endeared to our soldiery hearts.
For cold as the grave are the hearts 'neath the sod,
And their spirits have flown to their Maker and God.

*

OUR LAND.

The golden poppy once held sway
Upon our Eastern hills;
Roses and lilies now abound,
And pansies decorate the ground,
With fairy daffodils.
Most every flower of every shade,
That Flora hath designed and made,
Can here be seen in grand array,
And blooming in the sunlit day.
And water more abundant flows
From nature's sparkling rills,
And keeps the flowers all fresh and fair,
That grow upon the hills.
Mansions and cottages abound,
And occupy the sloping ground
With views for many miles away,
On and across our mighty bay.
The evening sunsets will unfold
The grandest scenes in red and gold;
Your eyes will sparkle with delight,
When you behold this glorious sight.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A busy spider all the livelong night,
Had wove its web of exquisite design,
Expecting that some insect in its flight
May be enveloped in its deadly shrine.
Alas! the spider found to his dismay,
That his fair web was covered all with spray;
A thousand tiny diamonds formed on every ring,
From the damp morning of the early spring;
Coil after coil of glittering dew-drops shone,
A gladsome sight for eyes to rest upon.
A perfect jewel formed within one night,
With iridescent colors glorious to the sight;
So mother nature on this frail design
Can make a spider's web in rainbow colors shine.

SAY IT NOW.

If you've anything good to say for a man
Don't wait 'till he's passed from your sight
And joined the big bunch on the shores of the stream,
In the land of celestial delight.

Don't wait 'till his ears are silenced by death;
'Till his hands have been crossed on his breast,
And the heart that in life would be moved by your words
Is still and forever at rest.

The best of us sometimes are stingy with praise
Of a brother whose acts we dislike;
But at times we are glad we are linked to a man
By breed and by brotherly ties.

So, seldom a word do we speak in his praise
'Till he's laid in his last earthly bed,
Then try to atone for our lifelong neglect
By throwing bouquets at the dead.

*

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

The snow on the mountains is melting away,
And the waters flow down to our beautiful Bay.
Old Neptune, no laggard—and that we all know—
Comes lapping to meet his fair daughter of snow.

And so they eomingle and together abide
In the steady inflow or outflow of the tide;
And all of the dwellers on East or on West
Take pleasure to gaze on its ehangeable erest.

Our peninsula holds a position supreme,
And some of the views from the hills are a dream—
The rise of the sun, at the break of the day,
The trouble to see will a thousand times pay.

After a rainstorm, and the fleeev clouds meet,
To view the sunrise is a glorious treat.
The hills on the west rise gracefull and bold,
And at set of the sun gleam in ruby and gold.

As seen from the opposite side of the Bay
No words can deseribe their gorgeous display.

THE ROBIN.

Little Robin Redbreast,
Out in the frost and snow,
Came upon my window ledge,
Where crumbs I often throw.
I know that he was happy,
For his eyes were shining bright,
When he saw the food that I had thrown
Upon the snow so white.
He chirruped, too, when I looked through
The frosted window pane,
And seemed content his search for food
Had not been all in vain.
He satisfied his hunger,
And shook his plumage free,
Then rose and flew and lit upon
Yonder leafless tree.
When the snow is on the ground,
And frost is in the air,
Who can refuse these little birds,
What food they have to spare?
For, do they not delight us,
In spring and summer time,
With songs that are melodious,
In music most sublime?
And are they not most useful,
Destroying insect pests?
From morn to night they're seeking,
And give these things no rest.
And so they have a mission,
From a source we do not ken;
The power that guides the feathered tribe
Directs the destiny of men.

NEPTUNE.

Down in the depths of the dark, blue sea
Where the mermaids their revel hold,
And Neptune is seen with his mermaid queen
Bearing his trident of gold.
The early dawn on that coral lawn
And the mermaids begin to appear,
And as soon as they see
The King of the Sea
They utter a joyous cheer.

The banquet hall is close at hand
And the mermaids stand aside
Whilst the King of the Sea
And her majesty
Into the mansion glide.
The herald proclaims
That the banquet feast
Will consist of a hundred dishes at least,
And on that account the menu card
On this occasion they will discard.
The banquet hall is all aglow
With a phosphorescent light below,
And everyone in that joyous throng
Joins in singing their maritime song,
And the health of the King and Queen is drank
Out of a beautiful coral tank
Carved by the little insects free
That make their home in the deep blue sea.

There are musical shells we know in the sea
That produce a moaning melody,
They fix them up on a sounding board
And thus they produce a musical chord.

At close of day they say farewell
And each pair seeks its coral cell.

THE FISHERMAN'S SMACK.

The fisherman's smack leaves the foam in her track,
As she glides o'er the bay to the sea;
And merrily laves her bow in the wave,
And scatters the spray to the lee.
There's a pride I can trace in the fisherman's face,
As he looks at his neat little boat,
As she gracefully glides o'er the silvery tides,
Or lays at her anchor afloat.
Away to the sea, with the wind blowing free,
The fisherman steers his light craft,
And returns the next day with his bright finny prey,
Full up to the hatch, fore and aft.
If a storm should arise, and the fisherman's prize,
Through the deep should be scattered away;
With a reef in his sail, his boat will not fail
To bring him safe back to the bay.
O, Neptune, beware! and our fisherman spare,
When your domain is lashed to a foam,
And remember that he is the child of the sea,
And on your broad bosom at home.
And on your broad bosom at home, at home;

*

THE DIAMOND.

Fit emblem for a diadem;

To grace the bosom of the fair,

Or decorate her glorious hair.

The product of some ancient tree;

A piece of gum that fell to earth,

Was where you got your carbon birth;

Alchemic nature did the rest,

And made thee of all gems the best.

THE LOVERS' BOWER.

We sat beneath the willow tree
In evening's closing hour,
The drooping bows around us
Formed a perfect lovers' bower.

The crescent moon was shining
In the vault so far above
As we whispered to each other
Our fondest words of love.

The evening shadows lengthened,
And the stars above shone bright,
Whilst purest love's emotion
Filled our spirits with delight.

And so our love was whispered
Beneath that dear old tree,
And faithfully it has been kept
By that dear maid and me,

And now I hold the token
That our marriage doth command,
A little golden circle
To adorn her shapely hand.

THE MODEST DAISY.

Scarce the snow hath left the ground,
When I in the fields abound;
Admired by all, I ope to the early sun,
And court his rays, and tho' a humble flower,
I have the whole world's praise.

And I, the violet, either white or blue,
Which ere your fancy may pursue,
Seek and you'll find me hid away,
'Neath some protecting leaf, or kindly hawthorn spray.

And I, the bluebell, loving the forest well,
Seek and you'll find me there.
Oh, touch me gently with your fingers,
For, see, on me the dewdrop lingers.

And I, the primrose, whose fragrance scents the gale,
Brushed by the early milkmaid with her pail,
Disturbs the lark, which soaring up on high,
Warbles his carol in the morning sky.

*

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TO CALIFORNIA AND RETURN.

FEBRUARY 16TH–MAY 20TH,

1882.

GEORGE L. CHASE.

TO CALIFORNIA AND RETURN.

FEBRUARY 16TH—MAY 20TH,

1882.

GEORGE L. CHASE.

TO MY DEAR CHILDREN.

To California and Return.

In the New of the Year—eighteen eighty-two,
It became quite apparent, that what we should do,
Would be
To visit the Far West and the Pacific Coast,
And look over our business, of which we make boast.
Well knowing the pleasures of a traveler's life,
We resolved to take with us the dear little wife,
Who had watched o'er and blessed us for many long years,
And made life so pleasant, 'mid smiles and 'mid tears;
And who,
If we shattered a limb, or "broke out" with the measles,
Would not run away, nor play Lady Teazle.

Before bidding adieu to our friends and their homes,
We attended the wedding of fair Nellie Jones;
After wishing her happiness, life's journey through,
We bade her farewell, and then quickly withdrew
To pack in our trunks the good clothes we had on,
That we might be ready early next morn

For the train that would bear us away to the West,
From the one dearest spot, which on earth we loved best.

We left Hartford
February sixteenth, by the Pacific Express,—
Traveled by night and by day, with ne'er a rest,
Until we reached the great city of Chicago.
Here, by water,
The railroads were damaged, and we must now wait,
As did Noah of old, till the floods should abate.
This hapless delay was patiently borne,
And then we sped on to our dear sister's home,
And were heartily welcomed to her own fireside,
With assurance of rest, whate'er should betide.

At St. Louis, we met with the Kelloggs,—our friends,—
Whose presence will cheer us till our long journey ends.
We now take our tickets, check our baggage, to go
To the far away city of San Francisco.
We then leave on the Kansas, Missouri Express,
And secure in the sleeper a quiet night's rest.
Early next morning we reach Kansas City,
Which is now paved with mud and fearfully dirty.
We spent one day here and had plenty of time,
Then left by the Topeka and Santa Fe Line.
Now we leave the Missouri, and crossing the Kaw,
Soon reach the valley of the broad Arkansas.

On these vast, fertile plains, where the antelope roamed,
The pioneer has builded his bright, pleasant home.
The church and the school-house will soon dot the plain,
Where, not many years since, Indians hunted their game;
And the valleys now marked by the buffalo's trail,
Will soon be redeemed by the sickle and flail.

We pass from
These vast Kansas plains, to the crest of the mountains
Covered with snow, and from whence come the fountains
Of waters, which fill all the valleys below.
When near the top of the pass, seven thousand feet high,
Our brave engineer, with his keen, watchful eye,
Found, that in pulling his train up the steep, heavy grade,
He had broken his engine. So we were delayed
For a time.
But we quickly accepted what fate had decreed,
Left our friends in the cars, and with all possible speed
Climbed up the high mountain, where a sight met our gaze,
Which will long be remembered in bright, future days;
There away to the north, were the tall Spanish Peaks,
Their tops white with snow, with the tint of the peach,
Given them by the gleam of the bright morning sun.
An attempt
To describe this fair scene would most certainly fail;
Never poet or painter could half tell the tale.

The whistle now sounds, and we'er soon under way;
Pass through the long tunnel and down the steep way,
To the foot of the grade, at the town of Ratoon.
We breakfast at ten, and are prepared now to go
O'er the mountains and plains of New Mexico.
We ride down its valleys, and over its mountains,
Across its broad plains and through its wild canons;
Behold its strange people; their rude habitations
Built of adobe, by the past generations.
The people
Are a mixture of Spanish and Indian,
With indolent habits and the Jesuit's religion.

At Pecos,
Is the old Spanish mission, which we are told,
Was built by the monks, and is three hundred years old.
We pass the Hot Springs and the Pass Glorietta,
On to Santa Fe, Lamy, and the town Albuguerque;
Down the Rio Grand River, toward El Paso Del Norte,
To the home of the cow-boy, Apache and Wild Horse,
Through the San Simone Valley to the town of Tucson;
Then down
The broad Gila Valley to Yuma so warm.

Here the Fort Yuma legend by (General) Sherman was told,
Of the soldier who died there, so wicked and bold,
That he was sent down to Hades, but found it so cold,

That like Dives of old he sent back special request,
That his Colonel would send him his overcoat and vest.

Leaving Yuma, we cross the Colorado so grand,
And enter a desert of white, drifting sand.
As we sped on our way, when near the Dos Palms,
We beheld what to us had magical charms;
That picture in the desert,—a perfect mirage,—
Our senses were keen; but what could there be
But real mountains and trees, and a beautiful sea
Hanging low in the sky? A wonderful vision
Of landscape and water, above the horizon.

At this place we learn what to us is quite novel,
That we are three hundred feet below the sea-level.
Going north on our route, the conductor had said
We should see
A queer freak of nature,—a volcano of mud.
Having plenty of time, he halted the train,
And we all sallied forth, information to gain.
There we found in the desert, not far from the road,
A crater immense, filled with blue, sticky mud.
Boiling and seething with a sulphurous smell,
Quite unlike the region where good people dwell.

We now leave the desert, with its white, shifting sand,
And pass through the valley to the beautiful land,

Where grow the orange, the peach, the fig and the date,
The lemon and olive, and the sweet pomegranate;
Where the flowers ever bloom, and the frosts seldom come
To destroy the fair work, which summer has done.

We now reach Los Angeles,
(The City of the Angels) that old Spanish town,
Which for beauty and climate has won great renown;
See its gaily dressed women and fair Senoretas,
And dark-eyed little children, whom they call Chequitas.
Here we meet our friend Flint, from the far Golden Gate,
Who gives us a welcome to this great golden State.
We now visit the Valley of San Gabrielle,
And the old mission church, with its silver-tongued bell,
Which summons the faithful to come and confess
All the sins which hold them in moral duress;
Tell the solemn old priest every trespass committed,
Then pay a small fee and have them remitted.
We went through the great ranches of Baldwin and Rose,
With their acres of vineyards, and beautiful groves
Of orange and lime trees, with their bright, golden fruit;
Their great vaults of wine, which all palates might suit;
Saw their beautiful horses, so sleek and so swift,
Which would rival the steeds of the famed Bedouin Chief.

We lunch for the day at the place Madra Villa,
On the bright, sunny foot-hills of the lofty Sierras;

From its gardens and towers we've a glorious view
Of the valley below, and the wide ocean too.
But we leave this fair scene, for the sun's going down,
And wend our way back to the old Spanish town,
Through miles of broad ways lined with green orange trees,
Whose fruit rivals that of the Hesperides.

The time has now come, when we must go on our way,
And we leave this old city, at close of the day;
Pass the Tunnel, the Loop, and the Tehachape Pass,
The Mohave Desert, and not least, but last,
The beautiful valley of the broad San Joaquin,
With its bright, blooming flowers, and wheat fields so green;
Past Lathrop and Tracy, and the Bay of Suisun,
The Carquiniz Straits, and the San Pablo Bay,
Contra-Costa and Oakland.
Then over the ferry we tourists now go
To the Golden Gate City,—San Francisco.

We find at the end of our four thousand mile ride,
In which even our patience has scarcely been tried,
That our friends very kindly have made us a home,
At the Palace Hotel, in a fine suite of rooms;
And have sent in to greet us, the choicest of flowers,
As sweet as the blossoms in Eden's fair bowers.
We've a treat now in store, and enjoy with much zest
Reading letters we found from those we love best;

They bring us good news from our home and our friends,
Who are patiently waiting till this long journey ends,
To welcome us back to our roof-tree once more,
And hear us recount all our pilgrimage o'er.

The weather is cold, and the doctors all say
The climate is warmer in old Montery;
So we lock up our trunks, and at ten the next day,
With the Kelloggs and Bessie, we're soon on our way.
The conductor, a young man who came from the East,
With one of our ladies was deeply impressed;
We soon found they were on the very best terms;
He was ready to teach, and she ready to learn
Of the route we're to go, and the sights to be seen,
But he neglected his duties, which were all very plain;—
When the stations were reached, and the names were called out,
He gave to San-Matao the name of Belmont.
He was quickly set right, with a slight exclamation,
And requested to leave us at Menlo-Park Station.

Here we meet our friend Wood, and with him we go
To Governor Stanford's great ranch, Palo-Alto;
Here are five hundred horses all of pure blood,
No Lord in old England, has any such stud
Of pure blooded and beautiful creatures;
Here are Hinda-Rose, Bonita, and graceful Wild-flower,
Who at two years old trotted in two-twenty-four;

There is Piedmont, and Crocker, and brave Electioneer,
Who for beauty and speed have hardly a peer.
Here the trainers are models of fine horsemanship,
Their colts being broken without a blow from the whip.

We look at the Palaces of Latham and Flood,
And decide we wo'nt take them now if we could;
So we take the next train, and speed on our way,
And in good time arrive at the town Monterey.
We go to the Del-Monte "The House in the Grove,"
With its broad, cool piazzas, and flowers that we love,
We meet our friends, the Hunts, who wish us to stay
Until we have seen the beautiful bay
Which lies at our feet, and the old Spanish town,
Which was settled by monks in seventeen seventy.
This old place was once held high in renown,
The laws were made here,—'twas the Capitol town.

On Sunday we went to the old Mission Church,
The service was Spanish,—it might as well have been Dutch;
We saw the old fort with its one lonely gun,
Keeping unwearied vigil from sun to sun;
The guard-house and quarters, and the old Esplanade,
Where, in bright, palmy days, was held dress parade.
In eighteen forty-six, we may as well note,
This old fort was taken by Commodore Sloat;

And for several years after,—the time is uncertain,—
Was left in charge of Lieutenant (now General) Sherman.

We visit the ruins of the old Carmel Mission,
Built by Monks and Indians in a past generation.
Here the priest
Taught the Red Man of the Great Spirit above;
How He sent down His Son, on His mission of love,
To heal all the sick, and save those who were lost,
And to gather in Heaven a numberless host.

But the shrines
Are in ruins, and the walls will soon follow,
And drive from their nests, the bat and the swallow;
The priest and the Red Man are seen here no more,—
Their spirits have gone to the bright, shining shore,
Into the presence of God whom they worshipped and loved,
And whom, by saints and by angels, is praised and adored.

We take the long drive through the old Cypress groves,
And lunch on the rocks, by the beautiful shore;
And, down in the depths of its white gleaming sands,
We gather the Abalone shells in our hands;
From the foam-crested waves, and surf's ceaseless roar,
We turn from the scenes which will know us no more,
And wend our way back to Del-Monte.

We leave this old town, and the beautiful bay,
Passing Pajero and Gilroy, soon reach San Jose,
And make for our home, the Hotel Auzerais.
In the evening we drive to the town Santa-Clara,
Through the willow-shaded road, the old "Alameda;"
We take the narrow gauge road, for old Santa-Cruz,
As we climb the high mountains we have beautiful views
Of the broad fertile valley, of the Los-Gatos River,
And the cataract of waters which are flowing ever
Down the steep mountain's side.
We return the same day, over the way that we go,
And at night find ourselves in San Francisco.

We are told there is one more excursion to make,
To the famed Geyser Springs in the County of Lake,
So we make up a party of eight, good and true,
The Kelloggs, the Hamiltons, and Lewises too;
We breakfast at six, in the morn's early glow,
Equipped for our journey, then off we go,
Across the bay by boat, in the fog and the rain,
And land at San Quentin, where we soon take the train
For Petaluma, Healdsburg, and bright Cloverdale,
Which is the terminus now, of all travel by rail.

Here we rest for a while and prepare for our ride
Through the valley, and then up the steep mountain's side;

We are eight in the coach, with four horses true,
And a driver, who will take us all safely through;
We dash out of the town, with a crack of the whip,
And the boys and the dogs are given the slip.

We now enter the valley and begin our long ride,
Up the steep, narrow road, with its curves and its grades,
Which test the skill of the driver, and the nerves of us all,
For, if we're a foot off the track, we should certainly fall
A full thousand feet, before we could stop
To count up our bruises, and find our last thought;
But in good time we reach the high mountain's crest,
And are quickly enwrapped in a dark, heavy mist,
Which drove the outsiders all into the coach,
To save their nice hats, of which they made boast;
We dash down the grade at a speed which soon brings
Us all safely through, to the Hot Geyser Springs.

The first that was known of this weird Devil's Canon,
Was late in the spring of eighteen forty-seven;
A hunter, in crossing these wild mountain heights,
Heard very strange sounds, and saw very strange sights;
Far down in the canon was plain to be seen,
Not a furnace of fire, but huge volumes of steam
Rising high in the air with a tumultuous roar,
Like the dash of the waves on a rock-bound shore.

We now take our old guide and cross very quick,
What may prove for us the River of Styx,
And enter at once into Satan's Dominions,
Where boiling and seething is the old witch's cauldron,
Proserpine's Grotto, and the Devil's work-shop,
His Majesty's oven, and the crater so hot,
That we quickly move on, to the White Sulphur Springs,
Where his tea-kettle boils, and hisses, and sings;
Here the great Steamboat Springs, which are now very nigh,
Send hugh volumes of steam three hundred feet high;
The ground where we stand, is all honey-combed through,
And trembles and shakes, and seems treacherous too;
The hissing, and seething, and sulphurous smells,
Warn us all to beware of the place, where dwells
The old arch-fiend, who would gladly drag us all down
To the region below, there to suffer and groan;
So we leave this hot place, with all possible speed,
Shake the dust from our feet, and never take heed
Of what our guide says to those who make haste,
Down the steep rocky path, to the bridge and the baths.

But we come safely down, and all danger is past,
Cross the river Pluton, and reach our hotel at last,
Tired and hungry, but thanks to our landlord so true,
He makes us all feel that we're at home too.
We dine and then sit round the huge fire on the hearth,
And with music and legends of which there's no dearth,

Pass the evening, and then to our couches we go,
Thankful that all the day's perils are through,
And soon we are lulled into the sweetest of sleep,
By the stream of the mountain which runs at our feet.

We left this weird place in the bright early morn,
And from the top of the mountain, made our way down,
With all possible speed, o'er the steep narrow way,
And vow if once safely down, we surely will stay,
And never more risk our lives on these wild mountain roads,
Where the "road-agent" robs you without any words;
But we soon
Reach the valley, and ford the broad Russian River,
Whose swift running waters flow ever and ever,
Down toward the great sea.

We now take the train, for the town Santa-Rosa,
Where in eighteen twenty-nine, Juan Amaroso,
A faithful disciple of the church militant,
Came up from San Rafael with great zeal intent
To establish a mission, the Indians to save,
From their heathenish rites which debase and deprave,
But the obstinate natives, spurned his every endeavor,
So he caught
A young Indian girl, and baptised her Santa-Rosa,
Then fled for his life, his adventures to tell,
To those left behind at the mission San Rafael.

We left this old town, with a gay four-in-hand,
On Good Friday morning to spy out the land,
In the beautiful valleys of Sonoma and Napa,
Crowned with green waving grass, and brilliant wild poppy,
There's not a cloud in the sky, this bright April morning,
And the lark's early song makes the scene quite enchanting,
We laughed, and we sang, and made ourselves merry,
And wished that life's journey would never grow weary;
That at home and abroad or wherever we were,
We might ever feel as lightly the burdens of care.

We stopped for an hour at the ranches of Hood,
Went through his vast wine vaults in which we could
Count the great casks of wine by dozens and scores,
As we walked with the guide on those immense floors.
We lunched with our host, then went through his grounds,
Where oranges, lemons, and flowers did abound.

We bade adieu to these friends, and went on our way,
And reached the town of Sonoma about the mid-day.
This quaint old place, now so dull and so slow,
Was settled
In eighteen thirty-five, by General Vallejo.
We visit Beuna Vista, with its acres of vines,
See its hillsides, and trees, and its great vaults for wine,
Its beautiful gardens, and long, shady drive,
With its thousands of trees adorning each side.

The rest of our journey on this beautiful day,
Was over hill, and through valley, a most charming way,
Until we reach the City of Napa.
In this bright little city we stop for a day,
To see our friend Sheppard, who now by the way,
Has just returned from the Empire of China and Japan,
Where for years he has faithfully served Uncle Sam,
As his Consul at Yokahama, Pekin and Shanghae;
But, broken in health, he resolved he would try
To regain if he could what there he had lost,
So returned in all haste to this beautiful coast.
He came laden with gifts of regard and esteem,
From the Emperor, the Viceroy, and stately Tycoon.
His house was quite filled with these beautiful treasures,
The sight of which gave us all exquisite pleasure;
There was the great Idol, from the Temple at Pekin,
Which to bow down and worship, we think a sin;
There were paintings and pictures, in silk and in colors,
And beautiful fans of the peacock's bright feathers;
Embroideries and silks, and leopard-skin rugs,
And a rare collection of beetles and bugs;
There was elegant china, and choice bric-a-brac,
And caskets for jewels of which there's no lack;
And wonderful things by the dozens and score,
But time won't permit me to tell you of more.
We bade adieu to these friends and their beautiful home,
But they'll long be remembered wherever we roam.

We are again on the train and down the valley we go,
Through its bright, green fields, to the town of Vallejo;
Pass the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and great ships of war,
Across the San Pablo Bay, and then take the car,
Which will bring us again to the home of our friends,
The Flints, in the beautiful city of Oakland.
Here we're given warm welcome and feel quite at home,
We stay for a week, and rejoice that we come,
They take us to Berkley the University to see,
Then through the foot-hills, crowned with tall graceful trees.
To the city of Alameda, with its gardens and baths,
Its broad level streets, and wide spreading oaks.

On a bright sunny day we are invited to go
To that charming little villa, Glen-Echo;
Where the Hunts and their friends have their beautiful home,
Mid the perfume of flowers, which are ever in bloom,
To make fragrant and pleasant the journey of life,
Of those who have passed through the din and the strife,
Of the cares of this world for three score years and ten,
With a courage and faith which will never grow dim.
The Flints, with Harry, Bessie, and dear Mabel too,
Have made us thrice happy all the week through.
We now bid all these dear friends a final adieu,
And ask that God on them daily will His blessings renew.

We have made our adieus to the Golden Gate,
The land of the rose, the palm, and the date;

We leave far behind us the beautiful bay,
Which has served as our highway, day after day;
The Alcatrez, Angel, and Goat Islands too,
Which Uncle Sam holds for me and for you;
The City of 'Frisco, and the Golden Gate Park,
The Cliff House and seals, with their curious bark;
The "Heathen Chinee," with his temple and idol,
And the Palace Hotel, which has not a rival;
The street cars moved by an invisible power,
And the hills which they climb, every day, every hour;
The gardens of Woodward, with exotics rare,
And lions and tigers and huge grizzly bears;
The old Spanish Mission, Dolores by name,
And the priests in long robes who serve in its fanes;
The fountains for serving the spring valley water,
The finest one given by dear little "Lotta,"
The United States Mint, coining silver and gold,
Its vaults filled with treasures which cannot be told.
The great Pacific Mail Dock, its steamers well laden
With silks, teas and rice from the land of the heathen;
The ferries that transfer from 'Frisco to Oakland,
The belles of that city and lords of creation.
We have left all these things behind us, and
Over we go to the city of Oakland,
Where a host of friends greet us, who say we must go,
And see the
Yosemite Valley, with its beautiful snow.

So we left the next day on the overland train,
Not heeding the threats of the clouds and the rain.
At the end of our journey, the town of Merced,
We met a fine party, who homeward had fled
From the valley, with brave General Sherman,
That son of old Mars, who won such renown
In his march to the sea and Atlanta's old town ;
There were Morrow, and Poe, and three ladies fair,
A right merry party, with no thought of care.

From Merced to the valley, the way is not smooth,
The truth of this statement I can easily prove,
After three days of bumping and thumping about,
With all the bones in our bodies nearly knocked out,
We reached this great valley, with its beautiful sights,
Of waterfalls, domes and grand mountain heights,
Which quite overwhelmed us with awe and delight.

Of the wonderful sights in this wonderful place,
We will try and rehearse, when time and when space
Have brought us to our dear old home in the East ;
When we will all sit down to a right royal feast
On the good things we have seen on our travels.

We left the great valley on the first day of May,
And over the mountains we soon took our way

To Clark's Station, which is quite near the wood,
Where grow the big trees, which, if they could,
Would rival the mountains in size and in height,
Of the species
"Sequoi Gigantea," (if I have the name right;)
The most notable tree on this remarkable ground,
Is the huge Grizzly Giant, four hundred feet high,
And ninety feet round.
Of the age of this tree, we are quite in the dark,
It is supposed
To have been planted before Noah entered the ark;
The truth of this statement, we cannot impeach,
As the men who were present are quite out of reach.

Coming over the mountains, at Eleven Mile Station,
We meet a fine party just taking their rations
Of bread, meat and wine,
There were Sumner, and Barnes, and John Taylor Johnston,
Robinson, Metcalf, and Russell of Boston,
With several fair ladies, all bound for that Mecca,
Of tourists, the Yosemite valley.

From the mountains at Clark's, to the plains at Madera,
The way is quite long, and travelers grow weary,
While making the twenty-five leagues.
We left in the morning at six by the clock,
And dined at Coarse Gold Gulch, while changing our stock

For some that would please Joe Ridgeway the driver,
And were not of the runaway or shot-gun type either.

So we came safely through to our day's journey end,
Then spent several hours in trying to mend
Our poor, bruised, weary bodies, and get them in shape;
So when our friends met us, they would know us from tramps,
And realize fully from what a fate we'd escaped
On our long tedious journey.

A night's sleep refreshed us, but not to such extent quite
As to warrant our taking the overland that night,
After brief consultation we decided to go
To the Capitol City, Sacramento,
And there get such rest as we needed at least,
Before taking our journey away to the East;
The day spent in that city was one of rare pleasure,
And enjoyed by us all, in very great measure,
With the choicest of paintings, and works of fine art
In the gallery of Mrs. Judge Crocker.

At the close of the day, we then took the train,
Which would bear us away to the town on the plain,
Where the Mormons have rule (the more is the pity,)
And known to the world as the great Salt Lake City.

After leaving the station, we climbed very slow,
To the top of the Sierras, all covered with snow,
Passing Colfax and Alta and Emigrant Gap,
Blue Canon, Gold-Hill and through the Dutch Flat,
Up through the snow sheds and round the Cape Horn,
Round the curves and up grades, until the bright morn,
Fairly deluged the snow-covered mountains with azure
And gold.

Down the mountains we came, passing Truckee and Reno,
The sink of Humboldt, and Palisade Gap,
On across the great deserts so sandy and barren,
That nothing but sage brush and rabbits thrive on 'em.
On to Carlin, and Elko, Corinne and Ogden,
Then along down the valley of the Great Salt Lake
To the now earthly Zion of the Latter Day Saints.

We spent some days here with the Deseret Saints,
Saw their tithing-house, temple, and heard such complaints
Of their treatment
By the Government, the Gentile and Jew,
As would make every bone and every sinew
Of Joe Smith the prophet, and Young the apostle,
Stir in their graves, and then rudely jostle
The less fortunate ones among their believers,
Who had died in the faith, but were not such deceivers
Of poor ignorant women and men.

On Sunday we heard Bishop Stayner rehearse,
Of his labors and trials in spreading the curse
Of polygamy,
And the creeds and beliefs of the Latter Day Saints,
As found in the Book of the Mormons.
Elder Nesbit then followed with threat and with boast,
That they would maintain, at whatever cost
Of liberty, life-blood, and treasure,
Their religion, their wives and their homes,
Against all decrees of the courts, or State proclamations,
And that as long as life lasted they would make no concession
Of their rights guaranteed by the old Constitution.

But Congress has now taken this matter in hand,
And if they manage discreetly, will soon put an end
To all the vain boasts of this stiff-necked people,
And compel them by law to lead honest lives,
And abandon the practice of having two or more wives.

From the City of the Saints, we journeyed to Ogden,
Then through Devil's Gate Gap, and the old Weber Canon,
Past high Pulpit Rock, and the Thousand Mile Tree,
Up the grade of the Wasatch, and down the divide
To the Green River County, the boast and the pride
Of the brave pioneers, who there hunted and trapped
The bear and the beaver, the deer and wild cat;
On past old Fort Bridger, across Laramie's plains

To Sherman, where we find the road which we travel
Is eight thousand feet above the sea level.
At Sherman,
The Union Pacific will, out of its gains,
Erect a fine monument to its projector, Oakes Ames;
Here on the tip-top of the Rocky's, the snow plows are out
And with two engines have given the snow drifts a rout,
So we can safely rush down the steep mountain side,
And out on the plains to the now busy town of Cheyenne.

Here we leave the main line, and go through a country quite flat,
Cross the Cacha-La-Poudre, and south fork of the Platte,
Through the town known as
Greeley, named after Horace, who when at his best
Gave advice to the young man that he'd better go West.
Pass in sight of Long's and Pike's Peaks, all white with snow,
And into the City of Denver we go.

This bright mountain town, we are confidentially told,
Has fifty thousand inhabitants, if quickly enrolled,
Where not thirty years since, the bear and wild Indian,
Held quiet possession and undisputed dominion;
The growth of this city is a wonder indeed,
And as soon as we'd rested, we quickly made speed
To ride through the town and make note for ourselves,
Of its beauty and wonderful growth;

The hotels are as fine as in any large city,
The Grand Opera House is a marvel of finish and beauty,
And cost, we were told, half a million of dollars.

We left this fair city, after taking our rest,
By the new Omaha, short line express,
We went down the South Platte, with its flat sandy bed,
Saw thousands of cattle who were so poorly fed,
That hundreds had died of cold and starvation.
We took dinner at Sterling, then on to North Platte,
Crossing the River, we pass Plum Creek and Elkhorn,
Reaching Omaha Station in the dark early morn;
Then across the Missiouri in the cold and the rain,
To the place where we transfer to the Rock Island train.

Then through the State of Iowa, with its green fields of wheat,
Which will fulfill the promise, that those who sow well shall reap;
Through its Capitol City, and across its broad lea,
To the Mississippi River, which now runs unvexed to the sea.
Another night in a sleeper, we're surely entitled to pity,
But early next morning, we reach the great Garden City,
Where our dear friends, who meet us, make special request,
That we unpack our trunks, and take a week's rest,
To which we consent, well knowing they mean
To not let us go until we have seen
Their water-works, parks and grand boulevards,
Their Chamber of Commerce, and perhaps their stock yards,

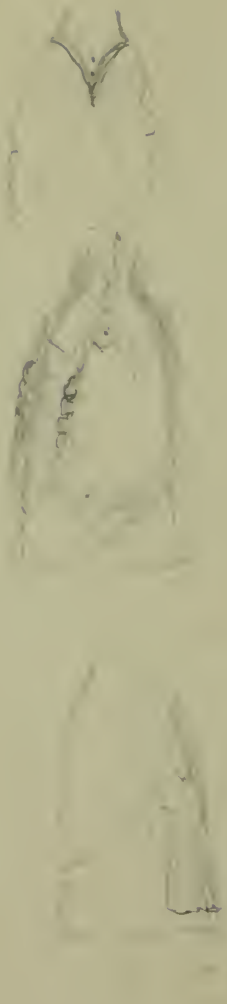
Where they sell hundreds of cattle, and kill thousands of pigs,
And make tons of nice lard, and pack it in kegs.

They wined us and dined us and made us to feel,
That through all life's journey of woe or of weal,
Their friendship was more precious than silver or gold ;
But the time very soon came, to make to these friends our adieus,
And to shake the dust of their city off from our shoes ;
So on Thursday, the eighteenth, by five of the clock,
They took us to the station, and wished that good luck
Might attend us our long journey through.

We left on the Michigan Central's Atlantic express,
Which is thought by old travelers to be one of the best
Routes to travel from the East to the West.
We pass the night in the sleeper, and early next morn
Cross the river, which brings us to the land of the Crown,
Where the Marquis of Lorne, and the Princess Louise,
Hold their beautiful Court, and their Royal Levees,
Where the people are loyal, and sing "God save the Queen,"
That long she may rule o'er her powerful realm ;
We cross the Dominion, but not through it all,
And reach that great wonder of nature, Niagara Falls,
Where for ages and ages that cannot be told,
This great cataract of waters has ceaselessly rolled
Over the brink of the precipice, into the chasm below,
Which, in sunlight, is spanned by the beautiful bow
Of promise, with its bright sheen of purple and gold.

From the Falls to the great Mohawk Valley we glide,
Passing Rochester, Syracuse, Port Byron and Clyde;
Then on to the Capitol of the proud Empire State,
Cross the river named after Hendrick Hudson the Great,
To Greenbush, and Kinderhook, Pittsfield and Becket,
Down the grade of the mountain, and across the Connecticut;
Here we turn south, down its beautiful valley,
With its landscape and waterfalls, rapids and ferries,
Reaching our dear old home in the Charter Oak City
On time.

Here we find at the end of our eight thousand mile ride,
Many dear friends, who, with each other, vied
In bidding us welcome to our own fireside;
And now we give thanks to a kind Providence too,
That has kept us in safety all our long journey through,
And may we never forget, wherever we are,
That God's tender love, and His watchful care,
Will be round about us till life's journey ends.



WHEN I WAS A GIRL AT MILLS.

"When I was a girl at Mills!"
How strongly memory thrills
  The chords of my heart
  As I think of the part
Of my life that was spent at Mills.

When I was a girl at Mills,
It cuddled among bare hills,
  Scarce a tree to be seen—
  Just a lawn between
Those two little babbling rills.

Now a forest of beautiful trees
Covers the hillsides and leas;
  There are paths to explore,
  And gardens galore
Where one may wander at ease.

When I was a girl at Mills,
The clambering rose that fills
  Its whole front face,
  Filled no such place
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now clambering so very high
It almost touches the sky,
  And veils the wall
  Of old Mills Hall
With a glory for every eye.

When I was a girl at Mills,
One roof covered all the ills
  As well as the good
  Of the girlish brood,
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now buildings are every where,
They gleam in the shadowy air,
  With Halls, and Towers
  That chime the hours—
A lingering music there.

When I was a girl at Mills,
And picnicked over the hills,
  Not a house could be seen
  In the back ravine,
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now a rail-train rattles along,
And spoils the brooklets song,
  To be sure, its nice
  To depart in a trice,
But to me it seems all wrong.

When I was a girl at Mills,
It was just a school in the hills,
  Where big girls, a few,
  And little girls, too,
All studied together at Mills.

Now its standard has risen so fast
It's wholly a college at last;
  Nothing less than A. B.
  And a Master's Degree!
The Seminary time has past!

When I was a girl at Mills,
A presence was there, which fills
  My eyelids with tears
  As I think of the years
When I knew and revered Mr. Mills.

How blessed his memory seems!
Now realized are his dreams,
  For to them his wife
  Devoted her life,
Completing his generous schemes.

So dearly belov'd Mrs. Mills
Today with happiness thrills;
  Her work is complete
  For here at her feet
Stands a College for Women at Mills.

May the College now prosper at Mills,
And grow with the need that it fills,
  Till girls, far and wide,
  Shall utter with pride
"When I was a girl at Mills!"

FANNIE ROUSE CARPENTER, '73.

Founder's Day, May 4, 1911.

Miss Carpenter is a permanent Theatre
in N. Y.

Poem of
The Earthquake

Written on its

First Anniversary

by

Eliza A. Pittsinger

Author of "The Soul Victorious"

who resides at 37½ Prospect Ave.

San Francisco

(Copyrighted)

Poem of the Earthquake

Written on its First Anniversary by

Eliza A. Pittsinger

Our Recent Earthquake was the Chief
Despoiler and Ungainly Thief
That ever wrecked a city—
It was the Great Iconoclast
Whose deadly grip and fiery blast
Awoke the World to pity.

San Francisco, drained the cup—
But she is bravely waking up;
In riding past the ruin
I hear the Builder's Hammer ring,
And rosy hope is on the wing,
And even the sidewalks seem to sing
With many plans a brewing.

San Francisco, stand thou up!
As thou hast drained the fiery cup
So shalt thou taste the glory!
Thou rollest up thy rugged sleeves,
And with a heart that seldom grieves
Thy people tell the story!

They tell us of the raging fire,
The Earthquake and the funeral pyre,
With no hope for the morrow—
Of countless numbers that did fall
Beneath the black and grewsome pall,
With none to cheer their sorrow.

But God is good; He made them Homes
Amid the Temples and the Domes
Around His Heavenly Mansion,
O, He is good, He took them in,
He lifted them above the din
By His Divine Compassion.

Thus passed that hopeless April day.
That most intensely thrilling day,
That day of Death and Horror---
Thus passed the Earthquake and the Fire,
The pageant of the funeral pyre,
As they sped into the morrow.

It was the darkest day of gloom,
It left the footprints of its doom
Upon the sands of sorrow;
Its dawning was the black eclipse
That brought the poison to our lips
That none of us could swallow.

It was an agonizing scene,
No other like it yet hath been
Along the passing ages---
It brought the old Pompeii down,
Awoke the World and made a crown
For new Historic pages.

It was the drama of the World;
Our treasures were to ruin hurled
Despoiled of all their glory---
Like horses wild the fires lept
The people toiled and many wept
For those who 'mid the ruins slept,
But who shall tell the story?

Down came the buildings with a crash
And sudden as the lightning flash,
Or Tempest on the Ocean;
Down came the palaces and domes
Entangled with the people's homes
That were their chief devotion.

Pianos, tables, chairs and all
Sped forth to the destructive call
Of dynamite and powder;
And others followed close and fast
Along where the pianos passed
With crash growing loud and louder.

The din and clamor thundered on,
It seemed that everthing was gone
That made it worth the ~~living~~---
The dynamite had done its part,
It pierced our City's tender heart
That was so kind in giving.

The old Pompeii's fame is gone,
She's nothing now to build upon,
Her Laurels are not blooming---
The monster ruin is our own,
And San Francisco on her Throne
Will set the land a booming.

Whence came it, and what was it for?
The thinkers thought it out by Law,
By Evolution and its law,
With others 'twas a Warning---
O, did we need the Hand of God
To scourge us with His Chastening Rod
Upon that April morning?

O, Evolution, mighty power,
If thou shouldst come some other hour
We pray thee, hold thy horses!
If thou shouldst ever call again
We hope thy friendship to obtain
'To balance up our losses!

But whether this or that is right,
We made a most stupendous fight
Against a Mighty Master;
Thousands of homes were soon destroyed,
And thousands of our men employed
To check the great Disaster.

They toiled and did the best they could,
It brought them hope, it brought them good,
It brought them higher brotherhood;
And better plans persuing;
They took their burdens in their hands,
They bore them through the burning sands
The smothered hopes and fiery brands
Of Death, and Doom and Ruin.

In dynamite we found a cure—
Though desperate, 'twas quick and sure
To bring the grand finale; (finally)
And when our Leaders learned the way,
And made the stubborn flames obey
They made a mighty rally.

And here the vials filled with wrath
That had been poured upon our path
Were suddenly depleted;
The fires were broken in their force,
They blundered, took another course
By which they were defeated.

At last a fatal charge had riven
The battle's front, its signal given,
'Twas plain the strife was over---
I stood mid the broken glass,
I saw a tuft of withered grass
Beside some fresh grown clover.

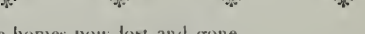
"The fires are out, O, give us rest,"
At last rang through the Golden West,
Responses came still later---
Our Faithful Leaders raised their hands,
Their burnt and blistered, weary hands,
And thanked their Great Creator.

A ringing sound went up the hills,
And even now its memory thrills
My soul with deep devotion;
It was the sound of joy and peace,
And never may its music cease
So long as 'tis our portion.

We leave the Subject now to Time,
To Fate and Fame and future Time
We leave our cups of sorrow.
We leave our ruin by the way,
And that which lies a wreck to-day
Shall bloom again tomorrow.

Farewell to Earthquake and to fire!
Farewell to black and grewsome pyre,
To Babel and its clamor!
Hail to our City built anew!
Hail to Her Loyal Sons, and True
That speed the Builder's Hammer!

Farewell to dangers lurking near!
A last good-bye to dread and fear,
Good-bye to tragic story!
All hail to Life when clamors cease!
Our Souls shall than be crowned with Peace,
Our eyes behold its glory!



Amid the homes now lost and gone
That fate has placed her hands upon
Mine own was saved; I prize it more
Than ever home had I before;
'Tis situated on a hill
Where all is quiet, calm and still,
With charming scenes imblended---
It is not sumptuous nor large,
But 'tis my Castle and my Charge,
My port of safety in the storm,
And blessed haven mid the calm,
WITH ALL ITS CHIMNEYS MENDED

c831

Gedichte

— von —

Wilhelm E. F. Krause.

Inhalt:

Die Macht der Liebe,

Die Goldene Pforte.

Das Elysium.

Die Malerische Landschaft.

An Oakland.

Ans Ausland.

San Francisco, Cal.:

Gedruckt von Joseph Winterburn & Co., 417 Clay Strasse.

1870.

Die Macht der Liebe.

Des Lebens Lenz der Liebe seeliges Entzücken füllt,
Den Blumen gleichend, die vor der Sonne sich entfalten.
Die Augenblicke süßt, die die Zeit der Ewigkeit enthüllt,
Den Menschen göttlich zeigt, sein Dasein glücklich zu erhalten.

2.

In dem Herzen, ewig lebend, wohnt der Liebe stilles Sehnen,
Liebe waltend zeigt sich ihre volle Macht,
Die die Natur dem Menschen zum Beweis läßt dienen
Daß nur die Lieb' allein beseelt der Schöpfung Kraft.

3.

Erwacht, die Gedanken, der Gottheit entlassen, sich sammeln,
Um die Liebe geschaart, im Spiegel der Seele zu glänzen,
Die Absicht erwirkend, die den Willen zur That dem Schöpfer soll widmen
Die Seele hienieden sich nähere den himmlischen Grenzen.

4.

Gesammelt die Blumen, in Kränze die Freuden des Herzens gewunden,
Geschmackvoll geschmückt erscheint die glückliche Braut,
Das Leben voll Anmuth und Unschuld, die Lieb' hält zärtlich umschlungen
In ewiger Jugend der Mann der Gattin vertraut. —

5.

Das Auge gesenket; von der Sonne strahlendem Lichte geblendet,
Der Mensch die Schöpfung in der Liebe erkennt,
Bestimmend das Leben, das auf den Welten sich wendet,
Die Gegenwart grüßt, vom Himmel der Erde geschenkt.

6.

Aus der Sterne flammendem Meere der Geist die Allmacht erfaßt,
Durch die Liebe befreit, die Seele das Jenseit erspäht,
Voll Sehnsucht ergriffen, das Leben im Tode erblaßt,
Den himmlischen Vater zu finden, die Hoffnung den Glauben erwählt.

7.

Tief in der Erde, die Atome gesenkt, verzehrend das Feuer vernichtet,
Erleichtert; — die Welt an die Welten sich reihet,
Leicht schwebend im Aether, vom Feuer der Liebe gelichtet,
Der Stern vor dem Stern zum Schöpfer sich neiget. —

8.

Aus des Himmels Sphäre, Luft und Liebe den Menschen erhalten,
Umschweben den regen Pfad, der irdisch sich himmelswärts wendet,
Laben balsamische Lüfte, für ihn die Gefilde verwalten,
Beglückt der Mitmenschen Dank, den Liebe für's Gute gesendet.

9.

Aus der Wallhalla sie gleiten, leicht schwebend im endlosen Aether,
Erkorne Grazien der allmächtigen Liebe,
Entzirkeln die Herzen, voll Tugenden werther
Als die Welt mit dem Glanze der Schätze so viele.

10.

Verborgen in der Seele göttlichem Chaos die Quelle der Liebe entspringt,
Das Leben herab die Thaten sich strömend ergießen,
Das Gewissen das Meer, das sichere Ruhe Dir bringt,
Im Tode Dich ewige Freuden begrüßen.

Die goldene Pforte,

— oder —

Die Einfahrt in die wunderschöne Bai von San Francisco, California.

Was die Erde auf der Erde,
Nur an Schönheit zeigen kann,
Sind die Berge die an Berge,
Hier die Schöpfung einst ersann.

2.

Hochgethürmt die stolzen Felsen,
Blicken in das stille Meer,
Reihen sich wie Brüderherzen,
Niemals von der Liebe leer.

3.

Schützend die Titanen lauschen,
Was die Brandung ewig spricht,
Hier kein Feind soll je vertauschen
Was die Lieb' zur Freiheit bricht.

4.

Sichtbar aus der weiten Ferne,
Segelt schnell das schöne Schiff,
Das die Mannschaft sicher lerne,
Der goldenen Pforte freien Griff.

5.

Tamalpais und die Adler,
Stammverwandt ist ihr Geschick,
Unerreichbar von dem Tadler
Schirmt dies Land der Freiheit Glück.

6.

Weiter inland Berggeschwister,
Neigen sich zur Fluth hinab,
Sanft und ewig ihr Geflüster,
Der schönen Wellen Wanderstab. —

7.

Von des Mondes Silberglanz,
Empfangen sie der Liebe Wallung,
Küssen sie den grünen Kranz,
Der Immortelle dieser Schöpfung.

8.

Malerisch, prachtvoll ist die Bai,
Geburtsort San Francisco's,
Ziel der goldenen Flüsse Reih'
Erguß des Sacramento's.

9.

Empfang das Licht der Seelen Einheit,
Empfiel dem Herrn deine Wege,
Den Kindern Asien's bring die Freiheit,
Eureka! diese Absicht hege.

10.

Von der Wiege in die Wiege,
Die Mutter aller Herzen grüßt,
Von Asien jetzt nach Asien siege,
Die Freiheit die der Geist genießt.

11.

Beweiß Chinesen, daß wir nützen,
Der Menschheit mehr als sie,
Ihr Thee erquickt, doch wir uns stützen,
Auf Dampf-Maschinerie.

12.

Die Kunst verfertige ihre Kleider,
Versuch' es, geistiges Amerika
Nur den Schatten Buddhas findst du Neider
Der heilig göttlichen Justicia. —

13.

Millionen Menschen zu entzieh'n,
Der Armuth hartem Loose,
Wird deinem Sternenbild' erglüh'n
Die sonnerblühte Rose. —

14.

Dann hat der Handel bald die Menschheit
In seinem Großverkehr,
Siegen soll die Menschlichkeit,
Die Liebe über Kriegsgewehr.

15.

Aurora geht im Herzen auf,
Kennt keine irdischen Grenzen,
Des Himmel's Licht Gedankenlauf,
Den Schöpfer zu ergänzen.

16.

Genie besiegt ja Händefleiß,
Minuten volle Stunden,
Erheben soll sich einst der Greis,
Geheilt von seinen Wunden.

17.

Das ist die Axis, um die sich dreht
Das große Werk Reform,
Millionen von der Furcht verweht
Vereint die Lieb' in Lebensform.

Das Elysium.

Schweben Welten um die Sonne,
Dichtgedrängt im Himmelsraum,
Ist des Aethers Nahrung, Wonne
Für des Lebens Liebestraum,
Sind die Sterne süße Blicke,
Von dem Schöpfer uns gesandt,
Führt des Augenblickes Brücke
Sicherlich in's heilige Land.

2.

Liebend die Natur sich wieget,
In der Erde starker Kraft,
Nimmer hier der Keim erlieget,
Den der Saame einst geschafft,
Ewig lebend, niemals sterbend,
Ist was ist, und bleibt was war,
Verheißt die Zukunft unser werdend,
Das ewige Leben immerdar.

3.

Aus der Blumen zarten Kelchen
Haucht der Liebe süßer Duft,
Von der Bäume grünen Aesten
Fallen Klänge in die Gruft,
Tageshell im Sonnenglanze,
In schwarzer Nacht von Sturmeswuth,
Windet sich zum schönen Kranze,
Das Gute aus der Liebe Gluth.

4.

Wo die Erde Dich mag tragen,
Sind deine Schritte eingehemmt,
Nur den Sehkreis darfst Du fragen,
Was der Athem Dir geschenkt,

Doch 'gen Himmel kannst Du blicken,
In ein unabsehbar Blau,
Deine Seele ist's, Dich soll beglücken,
Das Auge nur die Himmelsschau!

5.

Um Dich her die Schöpfung lebt,
Auf der Erde, in dem Meere
Verhallt die Stimme die da bebt,
In der unfühlbaren Leere,
Doch die Bitte an den Himmel,
Aus tiefster Seele treu versandt,
Erreicht die Engel im Getümmel,
Vor der Gottheit seelig Land.

6.

Giebt der Natur Geheimnißfülle
Reiche Nahrung für den Geist,
Kräftig reife unsere Hülle,
Was die Bildung ihr verheißt,
Soll der Seele Reinheit bleiben,
Muß der Mensch sich frei erheben,
Strebend, an dem Herzen weiden,
Den Fortschritt mit den Brüdern weben.

7.

Von dem Schöpfer ist geschaffen
Liebevoll des Ursprungs Ganzes
Leben, Geist und Seele erschaffen,
Verewigend des Sternes Glanzes,
Der dem Geist: das Aug' verkündet,
Der Seele durch das Zartgefühl,
Daß das Wesen hier gegründet,
Nie im Elysium erkühl. —

8.

Erhascht der Geist der Erde schnelle Runde,
Wie Sonne, Welten nach dem Herculeskreis,
Was bleibt vom Menschen in der letzten Stunde
Mehr als der Staub vom Staub geblieben?
Kurz und schnell ist ja das Leben,
Von Geburt bis an das Grab,
Alles sinkt nur Seelen schweben
Auf den Ruf von dort herab

9.

Was giebt dem Aug' das Farbenspiel
Den Blumen, Menschen, Schönheit,
Atome sind's, in die das Feuer fiel,
Das, von der Lieb' geschürt, enthält die Gottheit,
Wie Alles sich nuß nähren,
Die reine Luft vom Sonnenstrahl.
Sollst Du dem Herzen niemals wehren,
Den Gott zu lieben, der die Lieb' befahl.

10.

Erkaltet je der Liebe Wallung,
Versiegt das Herz, pulsirt beengt,
Weh' ihm dem Menschen, dessen Salbung
Sich auf Natur allein beschränkt.
Der Glaube ist's, der seelig macht,
Die Hoffnung auf ein Jenseit.
Die Gegenwart die heute wacht,
Gewißheit von der Ewigkeit. —

11.

Was wär' des irdischen Lebens Zweck,
Ein Raub von Lebensstunden,
Ein Coelibat des Geistes Leck,
Verdeckt mit Todeswunden,
Der Wilden Tanz um bleiche Schädel,
In lustgetränkter Raserei,
Ein Hassen, Kriegen und Gebell
Ein Lebenspreis, das Blei. —

12.

O Gott, der Du die Seelen schaffst
Ohne Anfang bist, kein Ende hast
Die Liebe, die den Raum einschließt
Auch mich in's Herz der Herzen
Nichts weiß der Staub von Erdenqual
Das Glück von seiner eigenen Wahl,
Bis Du's Allein, der ewige Mal'
Die Sterne schuf zu Hoffnung Kerzen.

Die malerische Landschaft.

Stehst Du auf Bergeshöhen,
Siehst in das Thal hinab,
Fühlst Du dein Herz sich heben,
Geliebkost vom Seraph.

2.

So kannst Du Liebe kosten,
Der Du von Engeln träumst,
Stehst Du auf Felsenposten,
Nichts von der Lieb' versäumst.

3.

Blickst Du in's Himmelsblau,
Bist Du es nicht allein,
Um Dich die blühend' Au,
Dankt im Geheim.

4.

Hörst Du den Vogel singen,
Lauscht Deine Seele,
Wie sanfte Zephir' schwingen,
Seine Dank Befehle. —

5.

Siehst Du den Wurm im Staube,
Sein Leben von der Gottheit,
Die Welt ist seine Laube,
Sein Alles ist die Freiheit.

6.

Trittst in den Wald hinein
Theilst Du der Riesen Ruhe,
Symbol sei der Verein
Der Stärke mit der Treue.

7.

Und auf des Meeres Wogen,
Der Erde Wiegeschaale,
Wirst Du ja schnell gehoben
Aus diesem Wunderthale.

An Oakland.

Wie oft hab' ich im Mai des Lebens,
Im Mai des Jahres Dich begrüßt,
Wenn Dir verlieh der holde Lenz
Die Blume, die die Hoffnung hieß.

2.

Ihr schönes Blau mich stets entzückte,
So zart die kleine Blume,
Wie glücklich ich, der ich mich bückte,
Sie pflückte meinem Ruhme.

3.

Ins Knopfloch steckte, weiter ging
Zweifach mein Herz beglückte,
Die Freude, die die Seel' empfing,
Das Herz die Blume schmückte.

4.

Doch welkte sie denselben Tag
Verblühte ohne Klage,
Noch heute sagt mir Herzensschlag
Was ich im Herzen trage.

5.

Erinnerung die Lebenswiege
In der das Glück geboren,
Erwächst zum Frohsinn und zum Siege
Die Kraft, der es erkoren.

6.

So drang ich in den Eichenhain,
Der Jüngling zwischen Blumen,
Sang ich bei heiterem Sonnenschein
Ein Lied zu Oaklands Ruhme.

7.

Dann haschte ich den Schmetterling
Fing Vögel zum Vergnügen
War's doch mein Herz an das sich hing
Die Freud' mit ihren Mühen.

8.

So sammele denn das Leben durch
Die Blumen und die Freuden,
Bleib ewig frei von jeder Furch
Der Sorgen und der Leiden.

9.

Und wenn erreicht die große Brücke
Der nächste Weg in's Paradies
Ueberraschen Dich entzückte Blicke
Von der Liebe die Dir Gott verhieß.

10.

Eine Landschaft himmlisch schön
So weit das Auge reicht
Strahlt Dir die Lieb' aus Jenen Höh'n
Bis sich die Sonne neigt.

11.

O, göttliche Natur
Die Dein, dem freien Menschen
Besinge ich die grüne Flur,
Die alle liebt, den ärmsten.

12.

So wandele denn Du Brüderschaar
Ins Freie winde Kränze
Amerika Du Freiheitsaar,
Trag sie an jede Grenze.

Ans Ausland.

Kennst Du das Land der grünen Fluren,
Der Freiheit, der die Kraft erblüht,
Willst Du, daß dich dein Glück berühren
Komm hier und finde es erglüht.

2.

Laß mich Dir rühmen unsere Schätze
Von der Natur vertheilte irdische
Willst Du bereichert sein mit letztern
Such' hier Du findest himmlische.

3.

Was ist die Welt als eine Gottes Gabe,
Singt zwar der Vogel überall
Doch der ist frei von jeder Narbe
Der Mensch nur hier im ganzen Weltall.

4.

Wie Blume sich an Blume reiht,
Vereint den Teppich zieren
So hier der Mensch das Stimmrecht weiht
Den Fortschritt zu regieren.

5.

Die Kraft des Ganzen ist die Stärke
Die zu erzeugen dieses Land
Die That placirt zum großen Werke,
Sein Bild zu meißeln aus der Liebe Hand.

San Francisco, 1st January, 1870.

THE

Wedding of the Rails

BY

ALANSON HOSMER PHELPS.

THE

Wedding of the Rails,

BY

ALANSON HOSMER PHELPS,

Commemorative of

"Driving the Last Spike"

UPON THE COMPLETION OF THE

California and Oregon Railroad,

— AT —

ASHLAND, OREGON, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

Cubery & Co., Electric Power Printers, 415 Market St., S. F.

Introductory Sentiment.

In the name of the various Industrial and Commercial bodies represented here from California, I have the honor to offer to Oregon and California the following sentiment:

Oregon and California, this glad day
Are united in prestige, progress, and glory,
Never again divided for aye,
While flashes electric, shall tell the story
Of the roll of their wealth, over this Highway.

The Wedding of the Rails.

We have come from farm, from finance, and trade,
Over these hills in a royal carriage,
To embrace to-day this Oregon maid,
And celebrate here her Golden State marriage.

Through the fair vale of the Sacramento,
Over her domain of bread and of wine,
Over her mountains where gold sleeps below,
Through her rich forests of fir and pine.

Where Shasta doth rear his snowy crown,
In splendor above the encircling plain,
While from his dark clouds in tumult comes down,
His glittering angels of hail and rain.

We descend from the heights of Siskiyou,
Where far on their base, "rolls the Oregon,"
Mount Hood far away now gleams on our view,
Of mountains of beauty, the paragon.

His icy slopes reflect the calm, blue light,
Of the summer sun, on the wintry snow,
And his giant shadow, chaseth at night
O'er crags and valleys, the light below.

Then hail to you Oregon, give us your hand,
And witness this great industrial feat,
We'll drive the "last spike,"—unite this fair land,
Where Northern, and Southern Pacific can meet.

We honor the builders, these men of brain,
Their energy, foresight, their vital nerve,
Spanning the Continent, mountain and plain,
With Lines of Steel, the world's commerce to serve.

All hail then to Stanford, the "grand old man",
The Huntingtons, Hopkins, the Crockers two,
Able Generals of Progress, they plan
No conquest by war, to peace ever true.

And praise for the man, the chief engineer,
The man of ideas, the skillful Hood,
Who has brought the Webfoot and 'Friscan near,
Where ere forever apart they have stood.

In chivalrous days, knights, valliant, did rise
To vanquish wrong, fighting, just for pastime,
We have a knight, alert, Douty, and wise,
To construct our Railways, to fight 'gainst Time.

And yet another, we must not forget,
His name? let's see, we think it is Brown,
He'll build you a bridge across from "You Bet,"
Or he will build you a mansion in town.

Here's to the man of the Shovel and Drill,
Just now his name we cannot recall,
We know he did have great courage and will,
To delve and dig through such a granite wall.

The Towne of this "System," his word we find.
Supreme from high mountain to Ocean shore,
With an Aid of skill, of a train-ed mind,
The master of trains, the able Fillmore.

Joining these Rails, we circle our Nation
With bands North and South, from far East to West,
Advance the age of Civilization,
O'er all this broad Empire, so richly blest.

This Empire so great, we pause in wonder,
Our victories of peace, already won
By faith in that Flag, we all dwell under,
In this fair land of our rich, fruitful sun.